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Not on the Battlefield.

"To fall on the battlefield fighting for my dear country — that would not be hard." — *The Neighbors*.

Oh! no, no, — let me lie
Not on a field of battle when I die!
Let not the iron tread
Of the mad war-horse crush my helmed head;
Nor let the reeking knife,
That I have drawn against a brother's life,
Be in my hand when Death
Thunders along and tramples me beneath
His heavy squadron's heels,
Or gory fellows of his cannon's wheels.

From such a dying bed,
Though o'er it float the stripes of white and red,
And the bald eagle brings
The clustered stars upon his widespread wings
To sparkle in my sight,
Oh, never let my spirit take her flight!

I know that beauty's eye
Is all the brighter where gay pennants fly
And brazen helmets dance,
And sunshine flashes on the lifted lance;
I know that bards have sung,
And people shouted till the welkin rung,
In honor of the brave
Who on the battlefield have found a grave;
I know that o'er their bones
Have grateful hands piled monumental stones.

Some of those piles I've seen:
The one at Lexington upon the green
Where the first blood was shed,
And to my country's independence led;
And others on our shore,
The "Battle Monument" at Baltimore,
And that on Bunker Hill.
Ay, and abroad, a few more famous still:
Thy "tomb," Themistocles,
That looks out yet upon the Grecian seas,
And which the waters kiss
That issue from the gulf of Salamis.
And thine, too, have I seen —
Thy mound of earth, Patroclus, robed in green,
That, like a natural knoll,
Sheep climb and nibble over as they stroll,
Watched by some turbaned boy,
Upon the margin of the plain of Troy.

Such honors grace the bed,
I know, whereon the warrior lays his head,
And hears, as life ebbs out,
The conquered flying, and the conqueror's shout;
But as his eye grows dim,
What is a column or a mound to him?
What, to the parting soul,
The mellow note of bugles? What the roll
Of drums? No, let me die
Where the blue heaven bends o'er me lovingly,
And the soft summer air,
As it goes by me, stirs my thin white hair,
And from my forehead dries
The death-damp as it gathers, and the skies
Seem waiting to receive

My soul to their clear depths! Or let me leave
The world when round my bed
Wife, children, weeping friends are gathered,
And the calm voice of prayer
And holy hymning shall my soul prepare
To go and be at rest
With kindred spirits — spirits who have blessed
The human brotherhood
By labors, cares and counsels for their good.

— *John Pierpont*.

Anarchy and Anarchy.

BY ERNEST HOWARD CROSBY.

The foul crime by which an anarchist laid low the chosen chief magistrate of a great people has naturally given rise to a general discussion of the nature of the act.

It is clear that the element of the deed which shocked mankind was not any abstract philosophy which the murderer supposed that he had assimilated, for the other political crimes, such as the assassination of President Garfield by a disappointed office-seeker and the dynamite explosions of the Land-Leaguers, although free from all imputation of philosophy, were equally shocking. We must seek the common element in such acts if we wish to find what it is in them that is especially reprehensible, and this common element seems to consist in the sudden interruption of the orderly progress of society by bloodthirsty violence of a political or quasi-public nature. No merely private crime, however horrible, could so affect the popular imagination, nor could any social theory whatever make such an impression if violent means were not adopted for the purpose of realizing it.

If this analysis of anarchistic outrages is correct, and we look around us for examples of violent deeds subversive of the orderly course of society, it is a matter of some surprise to find that the governments of the world are themselves the principal actors in this field. While civilization is clearly founded upon the constructive arts, each government, though it may or may not have its department of labor, of agriculture, of manufactures, is perfectly sure to have a department of destruction and a minister of anarchy, whose business it is to make elaborate preparations at enormous expense to destroy in a few months, weeks, days, hours or even minutes, thousands of picked lives and the choicest results of generations of labor.

It is a thousand pities that the scales cannot fall from our eyes, and that we cannot look, for instance, at that amphibious reptile of an infernal machine, the torpedo boat, with fresh and unperturbed sight, and see it as it is, while it moves rapidly over the calm sea on a summer afternoon, like an antediluvian monster, the only jarring element in a peaceful scene. There it is,—the result of the prostituted labors of a long line of brilliant scientific men, who might have been devising blessings for the world, embodying the toil in mine and workshop of hundreds of workmen, manned by a crew that has long been exercised in the "noble" art of manslaughter, representing taxes wrung from unwilling hands in all parts of the country,—and all this energy, intelligence, effort, ingenuity and expense culminating in an engine of insidious destruction, the very pattern on which